Bivouac

Jawbreaker

I dug my fingers in the earth.
I drew you pictures of my pain.
They were so pretty.
They were so vain.
Let it touch you everywhere.
Put your hands in the water.
Cut from my mother.
Boat of my father.
I needed them to breathe.
Father.
I'm an only.
I'm lonely.
Today I wake up, tell myself this is me.
I learned to put on airs.
Now this is home.
But the property's on loan.
Bivouac.I'm picking up the phone.
So much for letting go.

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